Now will I queſtion *Caſsio* of *Bianca*;
A huſwife that by ſelling her deſires,
Buys her ſelfe bread and cloathes: it is a Creature,
That dotes on *Caſsio*: as tis the ſtrumpets plague
To beguile many, and be beguild by one, *Ent.* Caſſio.
He, when he heares of her, cannot refraine
From the exceſſe of laughter: here he comes:
As he ſhall ſmile, *Othello* ſhall goe mad,
And his vnbookiſh iealouſie muſt conſter
Poore *Caſsio's* ſmiles, geſtures, and light behauiour,
Quite in the wrong: How doe you now Leiutenant?
Caſ. The worſer, that you giue me the addition,
Whoſe want euen kills me.
Iag. Ply *Deſdemona* well, and you are ſure on't.
Now if this ſuite lay in *Bianca's* power,
How quickly ſhould you ſpeed.
Caſ. Alas poore Catiue.
Oth. Looke how he laughes already.
Iag. I neuer knew a woman loue man ſo.
Caſ. Alas poore rogue, I thinke ifaith ſhe loues me.
Oth. Now he denyes it faintly, and laughes it out.
Iag. Doe you heare *Caſsio*?
Oth. Now he importunes him to tell it on,
Goe to, well ſaid.
Iag. She giues it out that you ſhall marry her,
Doe you intend it?
Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Doe you triumph Roman, doe you triumph?
Caſ. I marry her? I prethee beare ſome charity to my wit,
Doe not thinke it ſo vnwholeſome: ha, ha, ha.
Oth. So, ſo, ſo, ſo, laugh that wins.
Iag. Faith the cry goes, you ſhall marry her.
Caſ. Prethee ſay true.
Iag. I am a very villaine elſe,
Oth. Ha you ſtor'd me well.
Caſ. This is the monkies own giuing out; ſhe is perſwaded I wil
marry her, out of her owne loue and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth.

Oth. *Iago* beckons me, n
Caſ. She was heere euen
was tother day, talking on th
thither comes this bauble, by
Oth. Crying, O deare *Ca*
Caſ. So hangs, and lolls,
me, ha, ha, ha.
Oth. Now he tells how ſ
I ſee that noſe of yours, but
Caſ. Well, I muſt leaue h
Iag. Before me, looke wh
Tis ſuch another ficho; marr
by this hanting of me.
Bian. Let the diuel and h
by that ſame handkercher,
foole to take it; I muſt take
worke, that you ſhould find
left it there: this is ſome m
worke; there, giue it the hob
take out no worke on't.
Caſ. How now my ſweet
Oth. By heauen that ſhou
Bian. An you'll come to
not, come when you are nex
Iag. After her, after her.
Caſ. Faith I muſt, ſhee'll
Iag. Will you ſup there?
Caſ. Faith I intend ſo.
Iag. Well, I may chance
with you.
Caſ. Prethee come, will
Iag. Goe to, ſay no mor
Oth. How ſhall I murder
Iag. Did you perceiue, h
Oth. O *Iago*,
Iag. And did you ſee the
Oth. Was that mine?